

LA

SONNAMBULA

An Opera in Three Acts.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC AND APPROVED ACTING COPY,
AS NOW PERFORMED BY THE

RICHINGS ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY.

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LEDGER JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

1867.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COUNT RHODOLPHO, Lord of the Manor.

ELVINO, a rich Landowner in the Village.

ALESSIO, a Peasant, the Lover of Liza.

A NOTARY.

AMINA, an Orphan brought up by Teresa, and betrothed to Elvino.

TERESA, the Mistress of the Mill.

LIZA, the Landlady of the Village Inn, entertaining a secret passion for Elvino.

Male and Female Peasants, &c.

The Scene is laid in a Village in Switzerland.

PLOT OF THE OPERA.

THE scene of this simple village tale lies in a fertile and romantic valley of Switzerland. The story opens with rejoicings of the inhabitants, who are all abroad and astir with the morning sun, to join the festivities consequent on the signing of a nuptial contract between AMINA and her lover, ELVINO. These preparations for festivity, however, appear to annoy LIZA, the proprietress of the little inn of the village, as ELVINO is a prize on whom she had for some time set her own heart. A simple, but good-hearted peasant, by name ALESSIO, unfortunately intrudes his preference for LIZA upon her at this trying moment, and of course meets with rejection and disdain; more especially as he has busied himself in the festive preparations to do honor to her rival in ELVINO's affections. Awakened by the harmonious voices of her friends, AMINA comes from her rustic cottage to return her grateful thanks, and express the felicity of her almost too joyous heart. The NOTARY arrives, and then, after a brief delay, (during which he offered up a prayer for benediction beside his mother's tomb,) comes the betrothed ELVINO. The happy lovers have just signed the nuptial contract when the villagers are startled by the cracking of a whip and the rumble of wheels. Dusty and travel-stained, a handsome stranger appears amongst them. Counseled by the villagers, and urged by LIZA, he consents to remain the night in her inn. Gazing around him, he recalls this peaceful valley as the scene of his early youth. With the gallantry of a soldier, he pays marked attention to the fair AMINA, much to the annoyance of ELVINO, who becomes exceedingly jealous thereat. The night darkens, and the simple villagers prepare to depart, first explaining to the stranger the fact that their village is haunted by a phantom at night. He ridicules the idea, of course; bids them a friendly good night, and is ushered by LIZA to her rustic inn. AMINA and ELVINO bid each other a tender farewell, and night closes over all.

We must follow the stranger to his sleeping apartment; conducted thither by his hostess, he is informed that the prying villagers already have discovered his name and rank—they know he is Count RUODOLPHO. The Count becomes gallant to LIZA, and is about to insist on saluting the coquettish hostess, when he is suddenly startled by a noise without. LIZA seeks concealment in a closet, dropping her uckerechief as she flies thither; and the Count, turning to ascertain the cause of the noise, perceives a figure in white standing in the moonlight, outside the window. Startled, he at first thinks of the phantom; but he soon discovers it to be AMINA; who, he also finds, is a somnambulist, and, in her sleep-walking trance, has passed over the roofs of the houses to this apartment. While the Count is reflecting upon what course he had better pursue, LIZA escapes from her place of concealment, uttering expressions intimating that she conceives AMINA has come there from guilty motives. The Count listens with interest to AMINA's dreaming reverie, and then quits the room. The fair sleep-walker sinks exhausted on the bed, breathing in her dreams a prayer for blessings on ELVINO. After a brief pause, the villagers present themselves with a congratulatory address intended for the Lord of the Manor. Their surprise at finding a female instead of the Count is interrupted by the entrance of LIZA, who drags ELVINO to the bedside, and triumphantly exposes her rival's supposed perfidy and shame. AMINA just then awakes, receives no explanation, but is spurned by her lover and her friends;—all blame and believe her guilty except her foster-mother, who never doubts her purity.

The villagers, after consultation and recalling to mind her former virtuous and simple life, discard the idea of her falsity; but ELVINO refuses to be persuaded. In a revengeful spirit towards AMINA, he gives his hand to LIZA. The Count endeavors, but in vain, to prove AMINA's innocence. ELVINO and LIZA are on their way to church, when Providence intervenes to undeceive ELVINO and save AMINA from a broken heart. A window in the mill roof is seen to open, and forth upon the dangerous parapet steps AMINA in her sleeping dress, bearing a lamp in her hand:—to the terror of all she crosses a tottering plank bridge, beneath which the waters lie deep and dark:—thence descending a steep and slippery flight of stone steps, she advances into the midst of the assembled villagers. All are now convinced of her innocence—ELVINO gently places the ring upon her finger, which he had snatched thence in the first transport of his anger; and then, in the arms of her mother, with ELVINO at her feet, AMINA is restored to consciousness and happiness.

W. C.

LA SONNAMBULA.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE THE FIRST.

A Village—S. E. R., an Inn—A Mill, R. U. E.—Distant view of a Mountain—A practical Mountain nearer—Chorus of PEASANTS—(Without) R. U. E.

Viva, viva, viva Amina!

La, la, la, &c.

(Peasants enter, R.)

Long life to sweet Amina!

La, la, la,

All.

Long live Amina!

Hail the lovely bride!

CAVATINA.

[Enter LIZA.]

Sounds so joyful, bliss revealing,
Pleasures o'er their senses stealing,
Gives my heart but bitter feeling,
Tho' a smile I'm doomed to wear.

Every tribute they are bringing,
All that beauty they are singing,
Like an asp my bosom stinging,
Yet delighted I must appear.

Chorus.

Live Amina! live the bride!

Viva, viva!

Liza.

Sounds so joyful, &c.

[ALESSIO and other PEASANTS enter, dancing down the hill with pastoral instruments of music, and baskets of flowers. They range on L.]

Ales.

Liza! Liza!

Liza.

Oh, tiresome fellow!

Ales.

Ah! dost thou fly me?

Liza.

Go, I tell you.

Ales.

Nay, my fair one, tell me why now

Thus you banish me away?

Dearest Liza, do not fly now;

Prithee, join our feast to-day.

Cho.

Live Amina!

Ales.

Viva! aye, viva!

Liza, (aside.) And he, too, tormenting.
Ales. (to Peasants.) No encroaching,
 Here approaching.
Liza, (aside.) Ah, his pleasure I'm lamenting.

ALESSIO and MALE PEASANTS.

Liza. Sing the song we've been preparing,
 And let each one join the strain.
 Naught is left me but despairing;
 Yes, her triumph is my pain.

THE WEDDING SONG.

CHORUS with ALESSIO.

Tho' Helvetia's mountain bowers
 Give us fresh and lovely flowers,
 Yet there's none possess the powers
 That around thy beauty play.
 Not the glow-worm's evening warning,
 Not the star the night adorning,
 Not the blush of early morning,
 Half the brightness can display.
 Viva, viva!

Liza. Ah, for me this celebration
 Once was destin'd, I believe;
 But, ah, uow—oh, sad vexation!—
 It can only make me grieve.

Ales. Liza, dearest, all these measures
 Will resound for us, my fair;
 Yes, ours soon will be these pleasures,
 If you listen to my prayer.

CHORUS.

In praise of ELVINO.

Oh, may fortune's fairy power
 Strew thy path with every flower;
 With such virtue for a dower
 Is the fair Amina bless'd.
 While such pleasure she procures thee,
 This the bliss of life assures thee,
 And from every ill secures thee—
 Thou in her art ever bless'd.
 Viva, viva!

Ales. (to Liza.) There, Liza, there's rejoicing—there are sounds. Lord! lord! doesn't it tickle your heart-like, with the wish to get married?

Liza. Away, fool! (*Aside.*) These sounds are agony to me.

Ales. Fool, indeed!—Now, do listen to me, Liza, and let the notary, when he joins Elvino's hand with Amina's, join Alessio's (that's mine) with Liza's (that's yours).

Liza. A ehit like her to think of marrying! with no fortune—no experience.

Ales. Experience! bless you, that comes after marriage.

Liza. A girl that nobody knows.

Ales. Oh, yes; we all know her to be young, handsome and good.

Liza. You, too, to trumpet her praises! Why, isn't she an orphan? the child of Dame Teresa's charity—charity, forsooth! I shouldn't wonder if Dame Tere-

sa's love hadn't something to do with it. (*Aside.*) If it had not been for her, Elvino would have been mine. (*Mill door opens, L.*)

Ales. Hush, hush, here they come. Now, do, Liza, make up your mind and buckle-to with me. Buckle! heigho! unfortunately there's no buckle without a tongue.

[*Enter AMINA and TERESA from Mill, L.*]

RECITATIVE.

AMINA.

Dearest companions and friends, who thus partaking
Joy, because I'm joyous, in this bosom awaking
Each grateful feeling, while o'er me softly stealing
These sounds come so sweetly, pleasure thus sealing.

Cho. Care all repressing, be thine each blessing,
Oh, Amina!

RECITATIVE.

AMINA to TERESA.

To thee, my mother, tenderest of parents, who through life's sad morning
Did'st guide my orphan steps secure, with affection's warning,
Warm from my heart accept these tears o'erflowing,
Emblems now of those feelings in this bosom glowing;
Companions, friends, life's best treasures,
Dear mother, ah, what pleasures!

AIR.

O Love, for me thy power
Brighter bids the day to shine,
And sweeter smells each flower
In Love's fairy bower.
Love can bid each anguish perish;
All nature owns his power divine;
Then love for ever let us cherish.

Cho. Fortune round Amina
Scatter thus each flower,
While from each evil power
May heaven screen her.

Ami. While this heart, its joy revealing,
Beats, oh beats, with grateful feeling,
Yet my lips, in vain appealing,
Cannot speak my heart's delight.

Cho. Thy blest fate these sounds revealing,
Now exult a mother's feeling,
All our lips to Heaven appealing,
Never such pure joys to blight.

Ami. While this heart, &c.

Ales. Yes, I did it all. I brought the musicians—I composed the songs—I wrote the verses—I did it all. Oh, I love a marriage! Isn't it all nice, Dame Teresa?

Ter. It is, indeed; and Amina is not ungrateful.

Ami. Thanks, kind Alessio.

Ales. There, she calls me kind Alessio—what do ye think of that? I told you she was good-natured. (*To Liza, who turns away.*)

Liza, (*aside*.) I would weep with vexation.

Ami. You know it will be your turn next, when you and *Liza* follow our example.

Ales. Don't mention it. It makes me feel quite queer. The very idea gives me an I don't-know-howish kind of feel.

Ami. Come, name the happy day, *Liza*.

Ter. Ay, *Liza*, take pattern by my *Amina*, and fix the day to make poor *Alesio* happy.

Ales. To make me happy. Thank ye, kind friends—happy! what a thrill—what a sensation! Now do, *Liza*.

Liza. No, indeed, I prize my liberty too much—and my peace is more precious to me than love.

Ales. Ay, that's because you don't know what love is.

Liza. It is a sweet beginning, with a bitter ending.

Ales. But let us try the beginning then, and never come to the end.

Ter. Hush! here comes the Notary with the contract.

Ales. The contract! Lord, how that word contract expands one's ideas—doesn't it, *Liza*? (*She turns away*.) Now don't be ill-natured. Come, now.

[*Enter* NOTARY, U. E. L. *They treat him with great respect.*]

Ami. The Notary, and *Elvino* not here!

Ter. This is a little too bad on the marriage morn. Not arrived, indeed!

Ales. Law, no more he isn't. Now I should have been here, ready dressed, by sunrise. I'll run after him.

Not. It is needless. I saw him just now entering the little chapel at the end of the village. No doubt he will be here in a moment.

Peas. We see him coming—here he is.

Ales. Yes, here he is; happy dog, how lightly he trips! how his roguish eyes sparkle!

[*Enter* ELVINO, U. E. L.]

Elv. *Amina*! (*Embracing her*.)

Ami. *Elvino*, I don't know whether I shall speak to you or not.

Elv. Nay, *Amina*.

Ter. Upon my word, *Elvino*, to keep us waiting!

Elv. Pardon my delay. I would not join you on this auspicious day without imploring the blessings of our guardian angel upon our union. I have prayed for it at the tomb of my beloved mother, trusting that my *Amina* will render me as happy as *she* did my father.

Ales. How affecting!

Ami. Thanks, thanks, dearest *Elvino*. *Amina*, under such auspices, must be happy.

Ales. Oh, no doubt of it. How my heart beats!

Elv. Now, friends of my youth, you must all witness the contract that binds me for life to my beloved *Amina*.

Ami. For life! Oh law, what a long time!

Ales. Bind him for life! how attaching!

[*NOTARY* seats himself, L. before the table, which is brought on, and draws the contract.]

Not. Where are the contracting parties?

Elv. and Ami. Here!

Not. Now, Elvino, with what do you endow your bride?

Elv. With my lands, my house, my name, my love—all that I possess.

Ales. There's a husband!

Not. And Amina, what hast thou to give thy beloved?

Ami. Alas, I have nothing but my heart, with its best truth and purest affections, to bestow.

Ales. There's a wife!

Elv. Thy heart is, indeed, a richer treasure than any I possess.

Ales. Oh, certainly.

Not. You are now betrothed, by this deed, to each other. Now, then, your signatures. (*ELVINO and AMINA sign.*) Now, Dame Teresa, yours.

Ter. There's my mark. Now, neighbors—Liza—all must witness my child's happiness.

Ales. Oh, certainly, let me sign; I must have a finger in the pie. Come, Liza.
(*LIZA signs unwillingly.*)

Liza. Would that I could dip my pen in wormwood (*aside*).

Elv. Now, mother, your blessing.

Ter. Bless you, my children.

Ales. How affecting!
(*Crosses to AMINA.*)

(*ELVINO and AMINA embrace. ALESSIO attempts to embrace LIZA, but finds TERESA in her place.*)

Ales. Law, Dame Teresa, what a sensation! Oh, dear, it gave me quite as great a thrill as if you had been a young woman.

Elv. (*giving ring.*) This ring blessed my beloved mother's union; let it also seal ours.

DUET AND CHORUS.

ELVINO, AMINA and CHORISTERS.

Elv. Take now this ring—'tis thine, love;
'Twill make thee (at the altar) mine, love,
May fortune ever shine, love,
With smiles benignant on our love.
Sacred to thee be this token,
Love's soft vows with it spoken,
Like my mother's vows unbroken,
Sacred pledge of mutual love.

Cho. Yes, we see vows thus spoken
Written are in heaven above.
Elv. Yes, thou art mine, love!
Ami. Thine! oh, yes, indeed, I'm thine, love!
Elv. Let now within thy breast,
Breathing with love, these flowers rest.
Ami. Sweetest emblems of purity—
Elv. Emblems, my love, of thee—
Ami. Yes, my poor heart is true to thee.
Both. Vain, now, our hearts to sever
Will still be each endeavor;
We now to each other ever
Are bound by ties of love.

Cho. Yes, all thy vows are for ever
Written in heaven above.

Ami. Oh ! I cannot give expression
To my heart's deep-felt impression
Yet, oh ! yet the soft confession
You can feel in every tone.

Elv. Oh ! yes, yes.
Yes, those tones so feeling,
Still to me my love revealing ;
All my heart's best pleasures sealing,
Since for thee I live alone.
Yes, thou art the only treasure,
For me, love, of earth's pleasure,
Since I live for thee alone.
You alone can fill the measure ;
Yes, those tones so feeling, &c.

Cho. May your hearts, each other blessing,
Ever, ever love expressing,
Never know one woe distressing,
While you live for love alone.
Would'st thou live without me ?

Elv. Ah ! can you doubt me ?

Elv. Say, dost thou love me ?

Ami. Ah ! read my love in every tone
Oh, I cannot give expression, &c.

Liza, (aside.) Oh, my anger is distressing ;
I consume with rage alone.

Elv. Then to-morrow's dawn will rise upon my happiness.

Ales. Oh, would it could rise upon mine ! Come, now, Liza, follow a good example, and consent.

Ter. Ah, good Liza, let it be a day of happiness for all. Give Alessio your hand.

Ales. Thank you, good Dame Teresa. Egad ! if you won't have me, I'll have you. I must get married.

Ami. Come, come, Liza, let me plead for him.

Ales. Oh, good Amina !

Elv. And, cousin Liza, allow me to say a word in his favor.

Ales. There, they're all my friends, you see.

Liza. 'Tis all in vain—I will not marry yet ; and I think, Dame Teresa, if you had left Amina single a little longer, it would have become you both better.

Ter. (crossing to Liza.) Pray, let me be the best judge of my own affairs ; when a young woman is virtuous and well-regulated, the best thing she can do is to marry and be the mother of children, who will be a blessing and an honor to her.

Ales. So say I. Liza, hear what Dame Teresa says, and think what a mother you would make. *(A cracking of whips heard.)*

All. What noise is this ?

Ami. A stranger, I declare, and coming to our humble village. Who can he be ?

[Enter RHODOLPHO, Servant and Postilion, R. U. E.]

Ami. (aside.) What a fine gentleman !

Liza, (aside.) Upon my word, a fine spark.

Rho. How long and dreary seems, always, the end of a journey. Pray, friends, are we far from the chateau ?

Liza, (stepping up.) Nearly six miles, sir ; and you will never be able to arrive before dark.

Ami. Oh, dear, no ! we would advise you to rest here till morning.

Ales. Oh, certainly, sir; 'tis much the best.

Rho. Is there an inn in the village?

Liza. Oh, yes, sir; mine—the sign of the Golden Fleece.

Rho. The Fleece! rather an ominous name for an inn. But in such a village, and with such a pretty hostess, I cannot but be comfortable.

Ales. Oh, quite comfortable! I wish I was.

Liza. This way, sir.

Rho. Oh, I know your inn of old.

Liza. Know my inn?

Rho. Yes, and the village too.

Ter. You are no stranger to the neighborhood, then?

Liza. See, sir, see!

Ami., Liza, Ter. and Chorus. Ah! who can this be?

RECITATIVE.

Rho. Yes, the mill, there, the wood, and the fountain,
And the factory, and the mountain.

AIR.

As I view now these scenes so charming,
With fond remembrance my heart is warming,
Of days long vanished—oh, my breast is filled with pain,
Finding objects that still remain,
While those days come not again.

Ami., Elv. and Cho. { True, he knows each place full well,
Who is he? say, can you tell?

Rho. (gaily.) Sure, my friends, now some pleasure sharing,
Occupied now a feast preparing!

Cho. A nuptial feast it is, sir.

Rho. And the bride—is't this?

(*Pointing to LIZA.*)

Cho. (pointing to Amina.) No; this, sir.

Rho. (aside.) Ah! that form brings some remembrance;
Gentle maiden, (*starting.*) Ah! what strong resemblance!
Maid, those bright eyes, my heart impressing,
Fill my breast with thoughts distressing,
By recalling an earthly blessing,
Long since dead and passed away;
She was like thee, ere death, oppressing,
Sunk her beauties in decay.

Liza, (aside.) She, alone, by all caress'd is—

Elv. (aside.) By his words she quite distress'd is;

Cho. (aside.) Thus these gallant cavaliers
Flatter maiden's hopes and fears.

Rho. Maid, those bright eyes, &c.

Rho. Upon my word, my pretty maid, you are the prettiest woman I have seen since my return to my native country. What may be your name?

Ami. Amina, sir, and please you.

Elv. (stepping between them.) Yes, Amina, my betrothed.

Rho. Ah, a wedding, and you the bridegroom?

Ami. Yes, and I'm the bride, sir.

Ales. Bride and bridegroom! there's words! how they make one's heart dance!

Rho. And you, my pretty hostess, what is your name?

Liza. Liza, and please your honor.

Ales. (*imitating.*) Yes—Liza; and my—no, not yet my betrothed; but will soon be.

Liza. Hold your tongue, fool!

Rho. Upon my word, you seem all appropriated. But come, my pretty hostess, show me the way to my room.

Liza. This way.

Ales. Yes, this way.

Ter. Why, Liza, what are you about! You surely would not show the gentleman into the haunted chamber?

Rho. Haunted chamber!

Liza, (*aside.*) Plague take her, why did she say anything about it?

Rho. You excite my curiosity; what mean you?

Ter. (*crossing to him.*) Why, sir, you must know that the whole village is haunted by a phantom, that appears at midnight.

Ales. Yes, all dressed in white; as tall as the church steeple, and looks over the tops of the houses.

Ter. It has been seen at various times, and more than once has issued from the door of this very house.

Liza. Oh, sir, 'tis all the malice of my neighbors, sir! 'tis the best room of my inn, and in consequence of this report, I can never get it occupied.

Ales. No, we can never get it occupied.

Liza. We!

Rho. Well, I like adventures, and will sleep in that very apartment from choice, in the hope of exorcising a spirit which I am inclined to think exists only in your imaginations.

Ter. Oh, bless you, we've plenty of evidence of the reality of our fears.

Rho. Well, well, good dame, describe this ghost, that I may know my nocturnal visitor should he pay me a visit.

Ami., Liza, Elv. and Cho. Attend! attend!

(*TERESA assembles them all around her.*)

Ter. (*mysteriously.*)

Well know we approaching comes the hour
When this dread spirit—yes, this phantom has power.

Cho. 'Tis true—believe her.

Rho. Speak! what phantom?

Cho. 'Tis a mystery, and curdles up our blood.

Rho. What folly!

All. What say'st thou?
Pray, attend; listen now.

Rho. Quick, tell me.

CHORUS.

All. Attend then—

When daylight's going, and night winds blowing;
When sheeted lightning, the heavens brightening;
When deep-mouthed thunder strikes us with wonder,
On the distant hills a shade appears.
While clouds through heaven by winds are driven,
With hair loose streaming, and eyes bright beaming,
In robes whose whiteness shines forth in brightness,
Oh, then it comes upon our fears.

Rho. Oh, what a picture! 'Tis but deceiving,
While your misgivings your fancies heed.

Ami., Elv. and Ter.
Ah, 'tis no dreaming—it is no seeming;
Each eye has seen it—indeed—indeed.

CHORUS.

Then gently gliding, on air seems riding,
Dread silence reigning, dread horror paining,
Each object cheerful becoming fearful;
Frozen the river seems in icy fetters bound.
The dogs approaching, with silent crouching,
With eyes so lowering, their fears o'erpowering,
While birds are crying, in circles flying,
The owl shrieks wildly round and round.

Ami., &c. Indeed, 'tis true.

Rho. 'Tis silly fright.
But still to see it I'll watch with gladness—
I'll watch this night!

Ami. and all. The heavens guard thee! It would be madness
To tempt this sprite.

Rho. Very strange; pray, my pretty maiden, have you ever seen this spectre?

Ami. Oh, no, sir; never.

Rho. Well, in spite of all, I will tempt its malice, and occupy the haunted chamber.

Ami. Oh, sir, you surely would not?

Elv. Nay, nay, let the gentleman do as he pleases.

Liza. Oh, certainly. I'll assure you I'll do my best to make you comfortable.

Ales. Yes, we'll do our best.

Ter. And if you can but rid our village of all its evil spirits, we shall be indebted to you.

Liza, (aside.) Evil spirits! Ill-natured vixen!

RECITATIVE.—RHODOLPHO.

But from my toilsome journey some rest I now require;
If it's permitted, my sweet hostess, I would now retire.

All and Cho. Good repose and sweet dreams
May night inspire.

(During this scene the stage has been growing gradually darker, till evening comes on.

Liza lights RHODOLPHO in.)

Ales. I don't half like that cavalier; I must go and see what he is about with my Liza. Lord! I begin to feel that love hath its bitters, as well as honey its sting. [Exit into Inn.]

Ter. Come, my friends, the sun has set; we had better be going.

Peas. Yes, or we shall meet the dreaded phantom.

Ter. And as to you, Amina, I'm sure you had no rest last night, for I heard you walking to and fro the whole of the night.

Ami. Oh, dear, no, mother. I never slept better.

Ter. Ah, well, 'tis quite natural. I am sure I didn't sleep a wink for a week when I was going to be married.

[Enter ALESSIO from the Inn.]

Ales. A week!—I should've sleep for a month, either before or afterwards. But

what do you think, neighbors; what do you think I've discovered? Who says no good comes from peeping?

Ter., Ami. What? what?

All. Aye, what?

Ales. Why, who do you think the cavalier is who has just arrived, and just gone into the inn?

Elv. Why, who should he be?

Ales. Aye, that's telling.

Not. Come, come, young man, who is he? Perhaps some criminal I ought to take notice of?

Ales. Criminal, indeed! No—no. Why, then, to astonish your weak minds, learn that, just lifting up the lid of his portmanteau, there did I see his name!

Ami. Well, and what was his name?

Ales. What? Why, Count Rhodolpho.

All. Rhodolpho?

Ales. Yes, our lord and master—my lord and master—your lord and master—and lord and master of all our lands and tenements, hereditaments.

Ter. Who'd have thought the little boy grown into such a fine young man?

Ales. Why we all do—I was a little boy once.

Not. Eh! the Count Rhodolpho, and I not know him? This is unlucky; we must pay our respects. (*Approaches Inn.*)

[*Enter LIZA from Inn.*]

Liza. No, not now; his lordship has retired for the night.

Not. Then, friends and neighbors, be prepared with the earliest dawn to offer our congratulations in a body. I will show my zeal by rousing up all the tenants and servants by daybreak. So come along, neighbors.

[*Exit with PEASANTS, U. E. L.*]

Ter. And I'll to bed. Come, child, don't stay billing and cooing too long. [*Exit into Mill.*]

Liza. An imprudent woman, to leave them alone! It goes against my grain to give them a moment's opportunity; the forward hussy! But I mustn't neglect his lordship; he pays me such pretty compliments, and his attentions will make her heart ache.

[*Exit into Inn. Shuts the door in ALESSIO's face.*]

Ales. There now! 'Gad! I forgot I wasn't married, and was going home. (*Looks at Elvino and Amina.*) Lord, lord, how pleasant it must be to be married!

Elv. Alessio, good night.

Ales. Oh, good night.

Ami. Well, good night. I am sure you must want to be at home.

(*They retire up.*)

Ales. Oh, they want to be left alone. Ah! I'm never left alone with Liza—oh, dear, if I was? But I beg pardon—good night. What a couple! Why ain't I one of a couple, instead of a single man—a male spinster?

[*Exit, U. E. R.*]

Elv. I thought he never would have gone.

Ami. What, Elvino, grave on the eve of marriage! If thus thoughtful before, what am I to expect afterwards?

Elv. The Count Rhodolpho seemed to pay you more attention than I liked.

Ami. What! jealous. For shame, Elvino—jealous of me, too.

Elv. But these attentions did not seem displeasing to you.

Ami. Oh, men! men! what unconscionable beings you are! The more we love, the more you suspect.

Elv. But, Amina!

Ami. But—I tell you what, Elvino, you half deserve I should give you a reason—you jealous!

Elv. Yet this Count—

Ami. There it is, now—Count! you think we women are always to be caught by titles.

Elv. Why now, Amina—you must acknowledge—

Ami. No—I will acknowledge nothing, excepting that I love you; but you must acknowledge that you are ashamed of yourself for being jealous, and for thinking a fine lover would rival a true husband. Oh, believe me, were Count Rhodolpho to lay his title and possessions at my feet, I would prefer your humble love, your lowly roof, to all riches, to all his gilded palaces.

Elv. Well, Amina, forgive me, if a jealous fear will sometimes intrude. They say it is the accompaniment of true love—and I do love you truly.

[*Exeunt, ELVINO L., AMINA R.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE THE FIRST.

Interior of the Inn. Large French windows in the flat, through which is seen the village by moonlight. Chairs—a couch with curtains, L.

[*RHODOLPHO enters, R.*]

Rho. Upon my word, a very pretty apartment. The ghost, at any rate, displays its taste. (*Looking out of window.*) What a beautiful moonlight night! How tranquil and lovely the village appears! Yet somehow we gay fellows like the rattling of carriages and all the appendages of parties.—However, what with the pretty bride and my smirking hostess, the kindness of the villagers, and the affability of their wives, I shall contrive to pass my time very comfortably.

[*Enter LIZA, R.*]

Rho. Ah, my pretty hostess?

Liza. Yes, my lord the Count.

Rho. My lord the Count! Plague take it, am I recognised?

Liza. Oh, yes, my lord; and the villagers assemble at daybreak to congratulate your lordship on your arrival—and I am happy to be the first to offer my homage.

Rho. Nay, my pretty Liza, there is no occasion for all this ceremony between us, (*approaching her*). Nay, nay, why avoid me? Come, I wish to be better acquainted.

Liza. Oh, my lord! I know my distance; you are of rank—I am humble.

Rho. Beauty levels all distinctions.

Liza. Oh, you flatter!

Rho. No I don't. For, to tell you the truth, my pretty Liza, your face has made an impression on me; and if you will be but kind, I swear, by this kiss—

(*Attempts to kiss her—she escapes and leaves her shawl in the Count's hands.*)

Liza. Oh, my lord! indeed you must not. I wish you a good night.

Rho. But won't you redeem your shawl?

Liza. Ah, I forgot.

Rho. Nay, pay the penalty.

Liza. Nay, my lord, you do but jest.

Rho. Indeed I do not. Those smiling beauties have captivated my heart, and (*drawing her to him*) if you are but kind—

Liza. Oh, my lord, for heaven's sake, let me go; consider the servants.

Rho. Consider my love.

Liza. But my reputation—

Rho. I will take care of it. (*Noise heard at window.*) What noise was that?

Liza. Oh! how I tremble. The window looks into the village, and if any one should be out—good Lord, my character is gone for ever.

[*The window is suddenly opened. LIZA shrieks, and rushes behind the bed, leaving her shawl with the Count, who places it on the sofa. AMINA enters, clothed in white, and walking in her sleep.*]

RECITATIVE.

RHODOLPHO.

Good heaven! Surely this must be
The nocturnal phantom. Ah! no—no—'tis she
Who in the morning, beyond every peasant,
Seem'd gay and lovely. Faith, this is pleasant.

Ami. Elvino! Elvino!

Rho. Sleeps she?

Ami. Speak, Elvino.

Rho. In her sleep she walks—

Ami. (*playfully.*) Thou'rt jealous of thy Amina,
And of this stranger;
Unjust one—as though aught could change her.

Rho. Shall I awake her?

Ami. Ungrateful one! thus suspecting
Whom for thee all else rejecting.

Rho. Waken, then.

Ami. (*tenderly.*) Take, then, the hand I give thee,
And on it a kiss imprinting—I'm true, believe me.

Rho. Ah! still she's sleeping,
And none, their nightly vigil keeping,
None can have seen her.

(*AMINA appears more tranquil. RHODOLPHO closes the window.*)

Liza, (*looking out from closet.*) Amina! Oh, base Amina!

[*Exit unperceived.*]

(*AMINA appears as though dreaming of the marriage ceremony. RHODOLPHO runs toward AMINA, but stops suddenly.*)

Rho. Oh! heaven! tempt me not.

Ami. How happy seem the multitude,
In the church now assembled!

Rho. Though dreaming, no thoughts intrude
But those with love commingled.

Ami. The sacred taper's burning.
Rho. She dreams she's at the altar.
Ami. My voice begins to falter;
 Mother, let me lean on thee.
Rho. All thoughts of mischief spurning,
 Sweet maid, thou'rt safe from me.

(*AMINA appears to imagine that the priest desires her to pledge her faith at the altar.*)

Ami. (raising her right hand.)
 Heaven! to my husband thus swearing,
 Eternal faith and love.
Rho. Vows so pure, heaven hearing,
 Now registers above.
Ami. Elvino! at length thou'rt mine, love.
Rho. Where—to fly—
Ami. And I am thine, love.
 Embrace me with love thus purely;
 Such love you'll ne'er betray.
Rho. My virtue will fail, too surely,
 If here I longer stay.

[*RHODOLPHO goes to the door, but starting at the noise of the people approaching from without, he rushes to the window and escapes. Closes the window after him. AMINA, still sleeping, lies down on the couch. Male and Female Peasants appear through the door, and afterwards enter with the BAILIE of the Village and ALESSIO.*]

Chorus, in suppressed voices.

Nothing fearing, let us enter;
 Cautious—lightly step—silence keep.
 He is sleeping! Say, shall we venture
 Him to wake, or let him sleep?
 And why not? 'Tis but a venture.
 Now advance or go away
 With respect. When we have told him,
 Not an angry word he'll say.
 Soft, advance; see—see—behold him,
 While the arms of sleep enfold him.
 Now approach! What alarms now!
 He has vanish'd! He has vanish'd!
 By that garment—by that form, now,
 'Tis a woman! A woman! Yes. (Repressing a laugh.)
 What a curious, strange adventure!
 How she entered who can guess?

Elv. (without.) Thou speak'st falsely.

Cho. Here comes Elvino.

[*Enter LIZA, ELVINO and TERESA.*]

Liza. See—and let thy sight confound thee.

Elv. Heavens! Amina!

All. Amina!

Ami. (waking.) Ah! Where am I?
 Who now surround me?
 Ah! Elvino!

(*Seeing Elvino.*)
 (Running to him.)

Elv. (repulsing her.) Go, guilty traitress!

Ami. Guilty!

Elv. Base maiden!

Ami. Am I betrayed, then?

Of what accuse me?

Elv. Ask thine own heart.

Cho. See where thou art,
 Let that accuse thee.

Ami. (looking around.) Here! and why? Who brought me here?

Elv. Thy ungrateful, deceitful heart.

Ami. (flying to Teresa.) Mother! ah, mother!

(*TERESA covers her face with her hands.*)

Liza, Ales. and Cho. (together.)

Elv. Let this confound thee.
Ami. Proofs now surround thee.
 Unhappy maid then,
 Am I betrayed then?
 Oh! painful grief!
 Hear me swear, then, this truth revealing:
 Of no crime, in thought or feeling,
 Am I guilty. Oh! thus appealing,
 Sure you'll not refuse belief.

Elv. Now, kind heaven, to thee appealing,
 Guard her from this anguish'd feeling,
 Which these sighs, these tears revealing,
 Yes, these tears betray my grief.

Liza, Ales., Cho. We disdain thee—and with reason,
 Since 'tis clear thy dreadful treason.

Ter. Ah! pray hear her. She will not, I'm sure, deceive you.

Ami. I'm not guilty. Ah! believe me.

Ah! what anguish!

Cho. When she her trust betrayeth,
 In whom can we put our faith?

(*TERESA takes the shawl from the sofa, and places it around AMINA's neck.*)

Elv. Now avoid me! Now away!
 Thee I now abandon.

Liza, Ales. and Cho. In her nuptials no more priding,
 She is lost, by this misguiding;
 All her shame, with scorn deriding,
 Let her bear her crimes far away.

Ter. Though their pity all refusing,
 Still thou canst rely on me;
 Spite of all their false accusing,
 These arms shall shelter thee.

Ami. Oh! dreadful moment! Prithee, hear me!
 I am not guilty.
 Gracious powers! Spare me! Spare me!
 Only listen—the truth you see.
 Oh, pray hear me!
 I'm not guilty.

Elv. and Ami. to each other.

Such return for love according,
 Thus such faith as mine rewarding;
 Thus is fled all hope of pleasure;
 This, of sorrow, fills the measure.
 Yes, in one sad moment perish'd
 Ev'ry hope I fondly cherish'd;
 Every hope of earthly pleasure
 Now has flown away from me.

(*Tableau, in which all assume menacing attitudes towards AMINA. ELVINO motions her away.*)

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE THE FIRST.

A Valley—Distant view of the Castle.

[Enter PEASANTS, Male and Female, R.]

Cho.

Here we'll rest in these sweet shady bowers,
 Where the streamlet is border'd by flowers;
 Yes, we'll rest in this wood, since we're weary,
 For the way to the castle is dreary;
 And we've time ere the sun with its beaming
 Wakes his lordship this morning from dreaming.
 Let us think in what words to address him—
 Which way will be best to impress him:
 "Please your ex'lence, we come from Amina—
 In our village your lordship has seen her;
 Once the boast of our hamlet for beauty,
 Once the emblem of virtue and duty,
 Now the emblem of scorn and derision;
 Since asleep in your room she was caught,
 Oh! defend her from this vile suspicion,
 Or give the assistance you ought."
 If the truth, told in this plainest fashion,
 Make him show the poor maid some compassion;
 If our prayers to him meet no rejection,
 And he promise his protection,
 We have conquered.
 Then elate to our village returning,
 While success shall inspire us with glee;
 Yes, against this derision and spurning
 Poor Amina protected shall be.

(They all go off, L.)

SCENE THE SECOND.

A village scene, with TERESA's mill, R. U. E. in back ground, the wheel of which is turned by a mountain stream; an attic window opens upon parapet of the house, and a plank leads from parapet over the stream, to a ruined wall, which supports the spindle of the wheel. A rustic bridge is thrown across the stream. Preparations for the nuptial feast are seen in garlands and among the trees over the door, &c. Door and window practicable.

[Enter LIZA, R.]

Liza. Well, well, everything goes on as I wish it—Elvino believes Amina false and has half renewed his vows to me. Spite and anger against her will make him do me justice at last. This comes of her coquetting and vanity.

[Enter ALESSIO, L.]

Ales. There she is—thinking of me, no doubt, and tenderly, too, from her smiling face.

Liza. Dear! here's that fool, Alessio.

Ales. Ah, Liza—I say, Liza!

Liza. Well, what do you say?

Ales. Nay, don't snub me. Here's nobody by just now, and you might give way a little. I say, Liza, isn't this a melancholy affair?

Liza. What?

Ales. Why this marriage being broken off. Oh, dear! it makes one's heart bleed to think there'll be no marriage.

Liza. And who told you there was to be no marriage?

Ales. Who? why, all the world. Only to think, now, poor Amina's heart-broken, and all these garlands wasted; and Dame Teresa's wedding-cake getting stale—how very melancholy! I say, Liza, 'tis a pity they should be wasted, isn't it? They'd do just as well for the marriage of another couple, wouldn't they?

Liza. And how do you know they will be wasted?

Ales. What! have they made up matters, then, and shall we make up matters, and use the garlands, and eat the cake, and be married ourselves?

Liza. Make up matters, indeed! How do you think Elvino could be such a fool after such a shocking affair? A young woman to be found alone in a gentleman's bed-chamber, indeed!

Ales. Very shocking, to be sure. (*Aside.*) What a sensation it excites! (*Aloud.*) Very unnatural—I never found one in mine. I don't know what would be the consequence if I did.

Liza. No, no, Elvino has shown his sense, and has chosen another.

Ales. Another!

Liza. Yes: but I see Amina coming, and I must get out of the way; for, after such an affair, who would be seen speaking to her! (*Aside.*) My triumph is coming now. [*Exit, L.*]

Ales. How very virtuous! What a delicious little wife she would make! I think she seems half inclined that the garlands and wedding-cake should not be wasted. I'll follow her while she's in the tender mood, and if I succeed, I shall be married at last, and the wedding-cake won't grow stale. [*Exit, R.*]

[*Enter TERESA and AMINA from house.*]

Ter. Nay, nay, my child, don't take on thus. There are more men in the world than him. Come, bear up against misfortune.

Ami. Against misfortune, mother, I could bear up; but against disgrace who shall support me? To have the finger of scorn point me out as an object of reproach; to feel myself deserted, like a guilty thing! But I'm innocent, mother, indeed I am.

Ter. I believe it; from my soul I believe it; and more shame to him for believing otherwise! But it is always the way with the men—the vile, ungrateful creatures! I remember my good man was in his tantrums once, because the old lord kissed me, forsooth; as though an old lord can't kiss a pretty girl and mean no harm.

Ami. Oh, mother, mother, lead me not here; these preparations—these garlands—make me feel only the more desolate. Under these trees I first accepted his vows. 'Twas here he pledged himself to eternal constancy.

Ter. Ah! 'tis the way with them all.

Ami. And now he loves me no more. But you, my mother, you love me still.

Ter. Ah, my child, as warmly as ever. (*They embrace.*) Hush, here comes Elvino. I'll attack him.

Ami. Oh, no, no; let us retire. I dare not meet him.

Ter. He is alone, and seems buried in thought; depend upon it, he suffers likewise. [*They retire.*]

[*Enter ELVINO, L.*]

Elv. With Amina's falsehood my happiness is wrecked for ever; life is hateful to me. The competency my father left me—the lands I hoped to be hers—the groves in which I hoped to walk with her—are all alike distasteful to me. Oh, Amina! Amina!

CONCERTED PIECE.

<i>Ami. to Ter.</i>	See him, dear mother,
"	How deeply mourning, may be;
	Ah, may be—still he may love.
<i>Elv.</i>	All is lost now. Oh! for me
	Love's sun is set for ever.
	This poor heart in fortune never
	Not one hope of bliss can see.
<i>Ami. (coming forward.)</i>	Dost thou spurn me?
<i>Elv.</i>	Thou! hence, thou lost one!
<i>Ami.</i>	Ah! pray turn thee.
<i>Elv.</i>	Go! thou lost one.
<i>Ami.</i>	Ah! no guilt can rest
	Within this breast.
<i>Elv.</i>	Thou away all hope hast driven.
<i>Ami.</i>	Still I'm not guilty—help me, heaven!
<i>Elv.</i>	Hence, thou lost one! (<i>With much tenderness.</i>)
	See those looks so fraught with sadness;
	Once thy heart was filled with gladness
	Now 'tis driven into madness,
	Made unhappy still by thee.
<i>Cho. of Peas. (without.)</i>	Live Rhodolpho!
<i>Elv. Rhodolpho!</i>	
<i>Ami. and Ter.</i>	Ah! pray, stay now.
<i>Elv.</i>	I'll away now.
<i>Ami. and Ter.</i>	Ah! believe me.
<i>Elv.</i>	Go and leave me.

[*Enter PEASANTS.*]

Cho. Happy news, now! no, she bears no stain of vileness—
She is spotless—she is guileless.

Elv. Oh! this is madness.

Ami., Ter. and Cho. Oh! cease this sadness.

Elv. Now my rage, it knows no bounds.

(*Snatches the ring from the finger of AMINA.*)

Ami. Ah! this was cruel. Oh! mother.

Ter. and Cho. See there!
By that treatment she will die—
Forbear!

SOLO.

ELVINO.

Still so gently o'er me stealing,
 Mem'ry will bring back the feeling,
 Spite of all my grief revealing,
 That I love thee—love thee still;
 Though some other swain may charm thee,
 Ah! no other e'er can warm me;
 Yet ne'er fear, I will not harm thee—
 I, thou false one, love thee still.
 See these looks so fraught with sadness!
 Once my heart was filled with gladness;
 Now 'tis driven into madness,
 Made unhappy, made unhappy, still by thee.
 Yes, some other swain may charm thee;
 Still no other e'er can warm me;
 Fear not, then, I will not harm thee.
 No, false one—no, no, I love thee still;
 I love thee, false one, still.
 Dost thou speak of me when dreaming?
 Then a ray of light 's beaming,
 And thy innocence is gleaming—
 Oh! I love thee, oh! I dearly love thee still.
 Now, no other swain can charm thee,
 Thou, my love, shall ever warm me,
 And I swear I will not harm thee.
 Yes, dear one, yes, I love thee still.
 I love thee, dear one, still.

Ter. and Cho.

Ah! too cruel then to grieve her.
 Hear his lordship ere you leave her.
 He from guilt will sure relieve her;
 And will prove her virtuous still.

[*Exit ELVINO and PEASANTS, R.*]

Ami. Oh, mother! mother! he deserts me for another.

Ter. An unbelieving wretch, to doubt these tears—to couple falsehood with Amina's name. Ah! here comes the Count himself, the cause of all.

[*Enter RHODOLPHO, L.*]

Rho. Yet, Dame Teresa, do me justice, for I am the innocent cause, I assure you.

Ami. Oh, sir!—oh, my lord, you know my innocence; you can clear my fame; you can set aside this unfounded, cruel jealousy.

Rho. I will if it be in my power, or if this headstrong man will listen to reason.

Ter. Reason! men never listen to reason.

Ami. They charge me with inconstancy—dare I speak it?—with shame. Oh, sir, it is true I was found in your chamber; you best know how I came there—you can best explain the mystery. For me, I cannot live under the imputation of guilt.

(*Throwing herself into TERESA'S arms.*)

Rho. Leave your cause in my hands. Dame Teresa, lead her to the mill; she

is agitated—she requires repose. I will see Elvino, and, if possible, convince him.

Ter. Thank you, my lord—thanks. Come, my Amina; your mother is at least true to you; and a mother's love is worth that of a thousand men, if young women would but think so. [Exit with AMINA into Mill.]

Rho. Upon my word, this accident has placed me in rather an awkward predicament; for I can scarcely see how I can extricate this young and innocent girl without implicating my pretty hostess. However, I will seek the jealous lover and do my best. [Exit, R.]

[Enter ALESSIO and LIZA, L.]

Liza. I tell you, once for all, Alessio, I have nothing to say to you.

Ales. Then that's very ungrateful, considering I've so much to say to you.

Liza. Yes; but nothing to the purpose.

Ales. Why I offer to marry you—now I think that very much to the purpose, and so would most young women think too.

Liza. Haven't I told you that the faithless Elvino has returned to me, and has offered his hand.

Ales. Yes, and so you've told the whole village. But I don't believe it; first, because I don't think he can soon forget Amina; and secondly, because I don't believe you would accept an offer made out of mere jealousy and spite.

Liza. Jealousy and spite! 'Tis out of love; didn't he keep my company before he ever thought of that little, forward chit?

Ales. And so you won't?

Liza. No, I won't.

Ales. Then I sha'n't be married after all. How shocking! and I have been courting you, and throwing away all my sweet things upon you, for the last three months, for nothing! How monstrous! I'm absolutely petrified! How hard!

AIR.

LIZA and Chorus.

Cho. (without.) Liza the chosen is.

Liza and Ales. How?

[Enter PEASANTS, R.]

The bride—'tis Liza, Liza!

We at thy bridal come celebrating;

Thee, on thy fortune, congratulating.

Choice of Elvino—no more, Amina;

He, as thy husband, offers his hand.

AIR.

LIZA.

Oh! happy moment—moment of pleasure;

These sounds of joy they fill the measure,

While thus bestowing my heart's best treasure,

If with his heart he gives his hand.

Cho.

Yes, beauteous fair, now, thou art his care now.

Each one applauding, thy beauty lauding,

All wish'd success shall come at command.

Ales. (aside.) These sounds of thunder
Part us asunder;
I'm struck with wonder,
And speechless stand.

[*Enter ELVINO, R.*]

Liza. Ah, Elvino! and is it true that you return to your earliest vows—that you have discovered my truth at last?

Ales. No, no, he doesn't; 'tis a mistake—isn't it, Elvino?

Elv. (putting him aside.) Yes, my Liza: the circumstances of last night have opened my eyes to the falsehood by which I was deluded; and if you will pardon me—

Ales. Oh, but she won't, though; will you, Liza?

Liza. Pardon! you scarcely deserve it for deserting me for one so false.

Rho. (without.) Elvino! where is Elvino?

Elv. By heavens! 'tis the voice of him who has destroyed my dearest hopes, and robbed me of Amina's heart. Away, friends; I cannot meet him.

[*Enter RHODOLPHO, R.*]

Rho. Stay, Elvino, and ere your rashness plunges you into an abyss from which there is no retrieval, listen to me.

Ales. He calls Liza an abyss.

Elv. No, my lord, there is no occasion for explanation; the facts speak for themselves. All my neighbors were witnesses of my disgrace—they shall likewise be witnesses of my punishment of the guilty one.

Rho. Rash, headstrong man! I tell you Amina is innocent—innocent and unsullied as when first you knew her.

Elv. Innocent and unsullied! and found in your apartment alone, my lord?

Liza. A very likely story, indeed!

Ales. Oh, Liza can't believe it.

Rho. Appearances may be against her. True, she was in my chamber; but she came there innocently, unconsciously and by accident.

Elv. My lord! my lord! this is trifling with my feelings! This is taking advantage of your rank. I cannot believe you.

QUARTETTE AND CHORUS.

Elv. If I saw it, I could believe ye,
For my eyes could not deceive me.

Rho. Yes, I speak truth; thou art mistaken—
I will pledge her faith unshaken.

Elv. In thy chamber—her form reposing,
To the world her crime disclosing.

Rho. True, you saw her; yes, saw Amina,
But she entered in her sleep.

Liza, Elv., Ales. and Cho.

How could that be? We all have seen her.
All now listen.

All. Attend—silence keep.

Rho. There are persons who, while sleeping,
Still, like day, their vigils keeping,
Wand'ring, dreaming, speaking, smiling,
Tho' in sleep, their sense beguiling—

Somnambulists they are named, it seems,
 From their walking in their dreams.
Liza and Cho. Is this real now? Can we believe ye?
Rho. Yes; one example these eyes have seen.
Elv. It cannot be—deceived you've been,
 And by this pretext would deceive me.
Rho. Cruel sland'rer! and would you then
 Doubt what I assert is true, then?
Elv. (without attending to RHODOLPHO.) Come, then, Liza.
Liza and Cho. Come, come away.
 Who'd believe it? Such a hist'ry,
 It can't be—then let's away.

[TERESA enters from the Mill.]

Ter. Softly, neighbors, silence keeping,
 Since at length Amina's sleeping;
 And she needs it—after weeping
 Surely she must need repose.
Liza, Elv. and Cho. Yes, be silent; respect her woes.
Ter. Liza! Elvino! What do I see?
 Whither go ye, tripping lightly?
Liza. To our nuptials.
Ter. Hear I rightly?
 And is Liza thy bride, then?
Elv. Yes; Liza.
Liza. Yes; 'tis my pride, then.
 My conduct scan.
 Alone—no, never, a true heart misguiding,
 In the night was I found hiding
 In the chamber of a man.
Ter. (with rage.) Sland'rous viper! To all around, ma'am,
 This thy malice prove I can.
 See this shawl—'twas lately found, ma'am,
 In his lordship's chamber hanging.
Elv., Alcs. and Cho. Who hath lost it? To whom belonging?
Ter. (pointing to LIZA.) She can tell, sirs, if it please her.
Elv. and Cho. Liza!

(ELVINO, mortified, lets go her hand. LIZA hides her face, as in shame.)

Ter. Yes, Liza.
Liza, (aside and abashed.) Ah! to raise my head
 I dare not.
Rho. (aside) and Cho. Now, whate'er I say, they'll spare not.
 Now, whate'er you say, we'll spare not.
Elv. Liza, too, can I wrong her?
 No, the proofs cannot be stronger.
 Love existing now no longer,
 While honor, faith and truth's abused.
Ter. See, by that blush she's confessing,
 Guilt her face impressing;
 Pity for her repressing,
 Who pity once refused.

Liza. Heaven! the proofs assemble.
 Feelings I can't dissemble:
 This scorn, at which I tremble,
 My rival, too, will show.

Rho. Yes, by that blush she's confessing,
 Guilt her face impressing;
 Pity for her repressing,
 Who pity did not show.

Ales. and Cho. Oh, yes, she's lost, we know.

Rho. I tell you, Elvino, I pledge myself for her innocence; while, as for *Liza*,—but we should give her the pity she denied to her rival.

Ales. What an escape I've had! How very lucky!

Elv. Doubts begin to arise. But how, my lord, will you convince me? What proof can you bring?

Rho. What proof? (*The attie window of the Mill opens.*) What proof?—your own eyes. Behold! Heaven sends the best evidence of her truth.

(*AMINA appears sleeping, and steps out on the parapet.*)

Ter. } together. { Oh, my child! my child!
Elv. } Good heavens! *Amina*!

(*The PEASANTS express astonishment—All assume positions of surprise, terror and suspense, as AMINA proceeds along the parapet slowly.*)

Rho. Hush! to make her speak would be destruction.

FINALE.

Cho. Kind heaven, hear our vow;
 Oh, guide her wand'rings now.

(*AMINA has reached the wheel, and passes a broken plank, which bends with her weight.*)

All. It shakes now, it breaks now;
 Ah! heaven!

(*A smothered exclamation of horror, as the plank breaks beneath her. AMINA recovers herself and proceeds.*)

Rho. Nay, fear not; she's secure.

All. She is secure.

(*AMINA comes forward to the centre of the stage, amidst a dead silence—a pause.*)

Ami. Once more could I but see him, my innocence unfolding,
 Ere at the altar some rival maid beholding.

Rho. (to Elvino.) Hear her!

Ter. (to Elvino.) Yes, she's dreaming, speaking of thee.

Ami. 'Tis hoping vainly;
 The deep, sacred bell
 I hear too plainly;
 My rival boasting—yes, I have lost him;
 And yet, yet I'm not guilty.

Elv. and all. What tenderness!

Ami. (kneeling.) Great Heaven!
 Be these tears unregarded.
 Though me forsaking,

Great as is my misery, may his pleasure be;
 This, from a heart that's breaking,
 Its last sad prayer regard it.
 Oh, listen! what affection!

Cho.

(AMINA looks at her hand, as though for the ring of ELVINO.)

RECITATIVE.

AMINA.

The ring he gave me, alas! he's taken from me;
 Still he cannot rob me of his dear image,
 Graven on my heart, yes, for ever.

(Takes from her breast the flowers that ELVINO has given her.)

Not these, of dear affection
 Once the sweet pledges, oh! flowers, yes, ye still are mine.
 Still I can kiss ye, but, ah! ye are sadly withered.

AIR.

Yes, for thee, time's sad power
 Thy beauties have wither'd, sweet flower;
 Thou flourish'd one little hour,
 Then perish'd, just like his love.

Elv.

I can't contain me;

Ami.

Nay, you must not now restrain me.

While mem'ry each flow'r endears,
 And each faded leaf appears
 Revived by these fond tears,
 They can't revive his love.

RECITATIVE.

Elv.

Do not restrain me.

Ami.

But, if no longer spurning,
 Should'st thou, Elvino—

Rho.

She echoes now thy thought.

Ami.

Dost thou believe me? Oh, joy then,
 My ring to me returning.

Rho.

Now—now return it.

(ELVINO places the ring on her finger.)

Ami.

Oh, yes, I'm thine, love—and thou art mine, love;
 Embrace me, tend'rest of mothers.

(RHODOLPHO brings TERESA next to AMINA.)

My heart with joy is burning.

(ELVINO kneels at the feet of AMINA, TERESA embraces her.)

Rho. And now, our joys partaking, see, she's awaking.

Cho. Live, Amina! live in joy.

Ami. (awaking.) Oh, heaven!

Where—oh, where am I? what means this?

(Covering her eyes with her hands, as though she would still sleep.)

Ah, for pity's sake,
 Oh let me not awake.

Elv. No—no more thou sleep'st; here discover,
See thy husband—yes, in thy lover.

(*At ELVINO'S voice, AMINA uncovers her eyes, recognizes him, and throws herself into his arms.*)

Ami. What joy, now, for Amina,
Thus to find thee, dear Elvino! (*Weeps with joy.*)

Ter., Elv., Rho. and Cho.

Lead to the temple!
None have passed a doom severer;
Let our greetings loudly cheer her,
Since her trials make her dearer
To our hearts and to our love.

SOLO. ●

AMINA.

Ah! don't mingle one human feeling
With these blisses o'er each sense stealing,
While these tributes to me revealing

Elvino faithful to his love.

Ah, embrace me—while thus forgiving,
Each a pardon thus receiving;
On the earth, while we are living,
We will form a heaven of love.

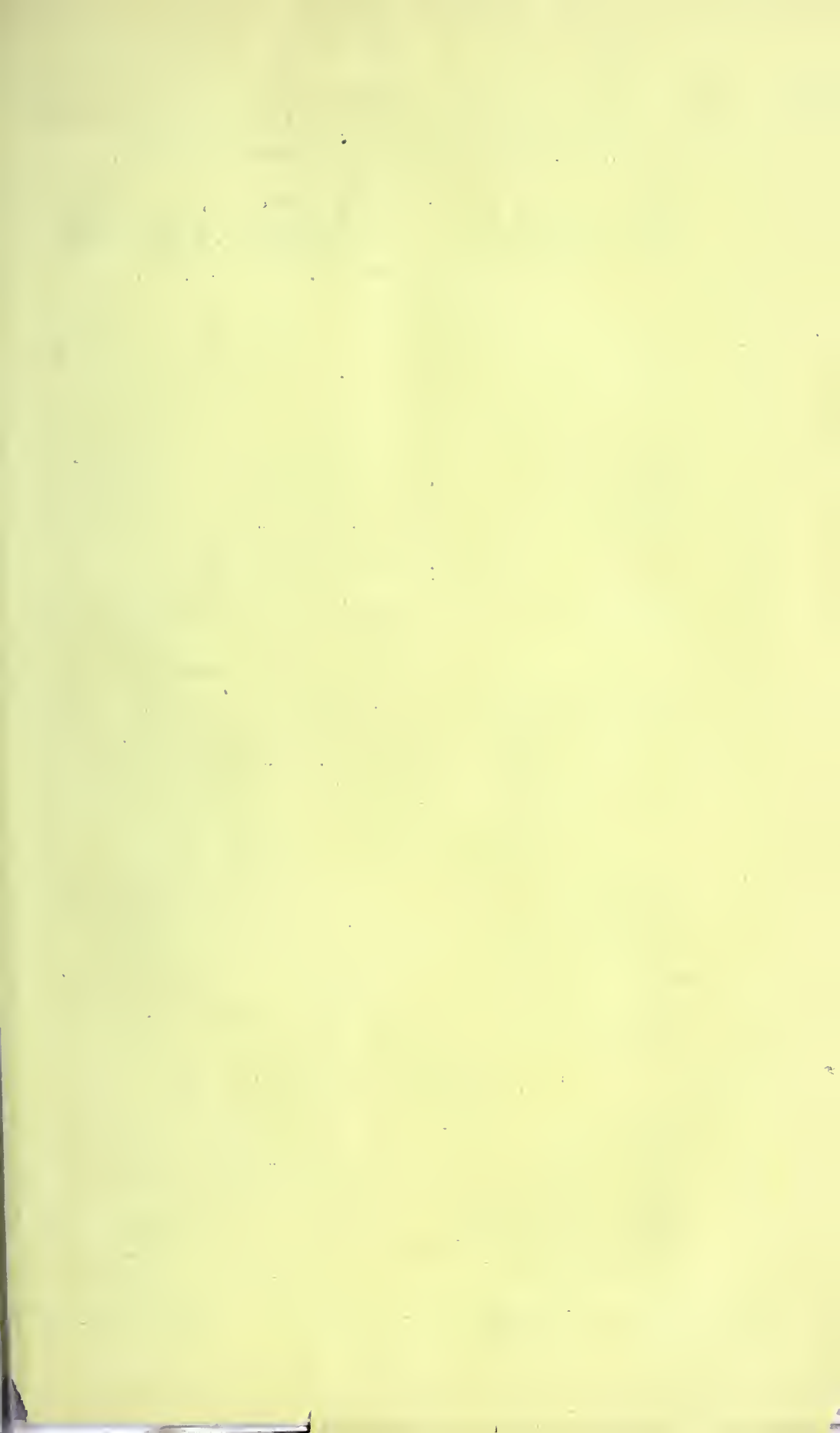
Chorus.

Come then, away!

Lead to the temple.

None have passed a doom severer;
Let our greeting loudly cheer her,
Since her trials make her dearer
To our hearts and to our love.

END OF THE OPERA.



WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE'S OPERAS.

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LURLINE.

		PRICE
The Spell, Flow on, Silver Rhine.....	Ballad, Soprano	50
Our Barque in Moonlight Beaming.....	" Tenor,	40
Under a Spreading Coral.....	" Soprano,	40
Sweet Form that on my Dreamy Gaze.....	" Tenor,	40
Take this Cup of Sparkling Wine.....	" Soprano,	50
As in the Cup the Bead flies up.....	" Bass,	50
Gentle Troubadour.....	" Soprano,	40
A Father's Love.....	" Baritone	40
Home of my Heart.....	" Tenor,	50
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My long Hair is Braided.....	" Soprano,	50
Love me and Fear not.....	" Tenor,	50
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Hope's glad Echo round me Swells.....	" Tenor,	40
Go sing how our Troops.....	" Tenor,	40
Come away, come away.....	" Tenor,	50
I stand beside my Grave.....	" Soprano,	40
Oh, am I Dreaming still?.....	" Soprano,	40

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Why throbs this Heart with Rapture.....	" Soprano,	50
My loved Home I shall ne'er see more.....	" Tenor,	50
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Now 'tis not a Vision.....	" Soprano,	75
I have brought my Daughter.....	" Bass,	50
Those withered Flowers.....	" Soprano,	50
Lovely, loving and beloved.....	" Bass,	50
Night, love, is creeping.....	" Tenor,	50